THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 6, 1801.

MEMOIRS *of the* DUKE *of* PARMA.

HIS Royal Highneſs Ferdinand Lewis de Bourbon, Duke of Parma and Piacenza, was born on the 20th of January, 1751. He was the ſon of the Duke Don Philip, Infant of Spain, third ſon of King Philip V. formerly Duke of Anjou. Although the duchy of Parma is the pettieſt principality in Italy, hardly containing an extent of ninety miles from eaſt to weſt, and thirty-five from ſouth to north, it has been uncommonly conſpicuous in the Italian hiſtory, ever ſince it became an independant principality of the houſe of Farneſe. This celebrity originated in the connection of the duchy with the court of Rome, in the great number of illuſtrious men of the name of Farneſe, in their misfortunes, and eſpecially in their magnificence of every kind, in Parma, in Rome, and in their fiefs in the kingdom of Naples.

The laſt heir of this illuſtrious family was Elizabeth, Queen to Philip V. ſo juſtly celebrated for her high and generous mind. The Prince Don Philip was, among her children, him who inherited moſt of her character in this reſpect. Accordingly, as ſoon as he took poſſeſſion of his maternal dominions, he diſplayed a magnificence almoſt inconſiſtent with the ſmallneſs of his income. His court, though naturally leſs numerous than thoſe of Turin and Naples, could rival both in elegance and brilliancy. His army, conſiſting of no more than two regiments, was reckoned to be the moſt elegant troops in Europe. His life-guards and ſervants were on the ſame footing with the powerful monarchs of the houſe of Bourbon. To his liberal ſpirit it is owing that the opera-houſe in Parma ſhould be, next to Naples and Milan, the largeſt theatre in Italy, and ſuperior to any in the quality of its materials and in the elegance of its form.

The beautiful and elegant garden of Colorno, although leſs large than many villas in Rome and Florence, had no rival in taſte and architecture, and was juſtly called the Marly of Italy; and to complete his munificence, he was the firſt who ſet to the Italian princes the example of appointing at court a poet-laureat, by calling to Parma the celebrated Abbe Frugoni, who upon his part could juſtly ſay, in one of his odes:

" Sono in Parma, ove ho la ſorte
" Di ſervir la regal corte,
" Che in due principi rinſerra
" Quanto v'è di grande in terra!

It was certainly an important advantage for the Infant Don Ferdinando to be ſon of ſuch a father. There was a proſpect that his education ſhould be as liberal and generous as that of any prince in Europe: and really he was, in this reſpect, the moſt fortunate prince in this century, and ſome might ſtill make it a queſtion, whether any (except Alexander the Great) had ever ſuch a preceptor! He was ſcarcely ſeven years of age when he was entruſted to the inſtructions of the Abbe Etienne Bonnot de Condillac, the greateſt metaphyſician of his age, and the only man who had repaired the honour of the continent, which, until his time, had no one to oppoſe to Locke. We ſhall mention ſoon after, that the young prince was rather unfortunate under the direction of Mr. de Condillac. But when we conſider that this great philoſopher availed himſelf of the opportunity to publiſh his excellent Cours d'Etudes, a work which has, perhaps, made in the human mind a greater revolution than any of the kind, we cannot help thinking that the princes of Parma are, by ſuch an election, entitled to the higheſt gratitude from all mankind.

We have from Condillac himſelf ſome very intereſting notices on the diſpoſitions in the mind and the heart of his pupil, as well as upon the method which he adopted for his education. Although theſe notices are ſcattered through ſeveral parts of his works, we ſhall combine them here in due order; as we are convinced that they will give a better idea of the education and character of the young prince, than any account of our own. " It is," ſays the philoſopher, " a prejudice in all children to believe that things have always been what they are at preſent; my pupil, therefore, ſuppoſed, that manners, cuſtoms, opinions and arts, had always been the ſame; upon being made ſenſible of the variations, he ſoon became curious to know what they had been in their origin and progreſs. He occupied himſelf with ſuch diſquiſitions when he ſtudied with me, and in the very time of his recreations he made it an amuſement to imitate the induſtry of the primitive men, and to treat the progreſs of the arts as diverſions for his infancy.

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It was at that time Mr. Keralio gave him a ſhort courſe of agriculture, in the garden contiguous to his apartment. My pupil ploughed his field, ſewed corn, and reaped his harveſt; ſoon after he ſewed other grains, and planted trees of ſeveral kinds. —" We charge young children with being incapable of reaſoning, only becauſe we do not know how to place ourſelves within their reach: our ignorance is the true cauſe of their incapacity. Being convinced of this truth, I thought that my pupil would eaſily underſtand me, if, by inducing him to reflect on ſome ideas which were familiar to him, I could make him remark by what ſeries of reaſonings he had acquired them. For the purpoſe of carrying my plan into execution. I felt I ought to approximate to my pupil—I ought to be a child rather than an inſtructor. I allowed him to play, and I played with him; and in the mean while I made him remark every thing he did, and by what means he had learned to do it. My pupil was by this means acquainted with the mechaniſm of his underſtanding; he underſtood the generation of his ideas: he ſaw the riſe and progreſs of his habits. After ſetting him to reflect on the infancy of mankind, I thought the hiſtory of it would prove curious and eaſy to him. The work of Goguet, publiſhed ſome months before, was the beſt book for my purpoſe.

The time being now arrived when civil ſocieties, ſecure of their ſubſiſtence, ſought for greater convenience and enjoyments of life, we reviewed the period of the introduction of fine arts and of taſte conſidered as coeval with them. At laſt, we began to reaſon on every thing. This was the order which I followed in the inſtruction of my pupil: I formed his taſte with models of the beautiful; his taſte being formed, I initiated him in the philoſophical notions. We commenced with the Lutrin, we read afterwards ſome comedies of Moliere, ſome tragedies of Racine, and we formed the idea of a dramatic compoſition. I did not delay to inſtruct him in his religion, and I ſelected for the purpoſe the catechiſm of Henry, and the Bible of Royaumont. I thought it better to put often before his eyes the hiſtory of religion than to engrave its principles in his memory for a ſingle time.

When we had finiſhed the courſe of ſtudies I had written for him, he read the work of Madame de Chatelet on Newton, the treatiſe on the ſphere by Maupertuis, and the ſecond part of the Newtonian elements, by Voltaire, M. de Keralio taught mathematics to my pupil, who puſhed his ſtudies in algebra ſo far as the equations of the ſecond degree. He read a treatiſe on conic ſections. He ſtudied M. Traband's book on movement and equilibrium. He ſtudied likewiſe hydroſtatics, hydraulics, aſtronomy, and geography. Military architecture became then an eaſy ſtudy to him. Towards the cloſe of his education, the fathers le Suer and Jacquier were ſent for to give a courſe of

experimental phyſics to his pupil, who, wiſhing to take advantage of the viſit of theſe learned men to court, repeated with them all his paſt ſtudies in mathematics, and engaged as far as the analyſis of the infinite."

Tolluntur in altum
Ut lapſu graviore ruant,

Cannot better be applied than to the Duke of Parma! When we conſider the foregoing paſſages of Condillac, and reflect that a child from the 7th to the 12th year of his age, ſhould go through ſo many intereſting ſtudies, with ſuch aſſiſtance, we are ſtruck with awe and admiration; we cannot, however, help deploring the inequalities of human nature, if we turn our view towards the changes in the mind of the once aſſiduous and ingenious prince, whoſe ſubſequent conduct has by no means continued the ſplendours with which it began. He became addicted to falſe devotion! The writer of this article had ſome hints of the motives that obliged the court of Parma to entruſt the further education of the young prince, to other perſons of different character from Condillac. He was aware that a ſarcaſtical ſentence of Voltaire had been the remote cauſe of the changes. "La philoſophie," ſaid he "s'eſt montree en Italie, mais la congregation de l'index l'a proſcrite!" It was, therefore, ſuſpected, that Condillac had infuſed into his pupil's mind ſome principles of that pernicious philoſophy, ſo much in vogue in the laſt age; and the neceſſity was felt of giving him other governors, who ſhould inſpire him with a due reverence to religious tenets. We are now obliged to the Abbe Barruel for a more correct and detailed account of this fact. This French clergyman, in the firſt volume of his Memoirs againſt Jacobiniſm, has proved that the appointment of Condillac to the education of the young prince of Parma was the reſult of the encyclopedic cabal in Paris, who wiſhed to get a footing in the courts of the ſouthern princes, as they had already ſucceeded in thoſe of the north. He ſtates, that the intriguing mathematician, d'Alembert, who had already become the leader of the ſect, and the diſpenſer of every favour among the candidates, had propoſed Condillac, like him, a profeſſed atheiſt, and the Abbe de l'Eyre, much in the ſame principles, known in the republic of letters, firſt for his analyſis of Bacon, and many articles in the Encyclopedie, and afterwards in the political world for a conventioniſt and a regicide. Voltaire had the effrontery to congratulate his friends upon this event.

Matters went ſo far as to make the Bourbon courts ſenſible of the conſpiracy againſt them. Condillac was ignominiouſly diſmiſſed, and a more religious governor put in his place. The latter found that his predeceſſor had really neglected this important part of his duty, and conſequently prevailed on the young prince to deſtroy the greateſt part of his former educa-

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tion. The prince, according to M. Barruel's ſtatement, was ſo deeply penetrated by the ſenſe of his paſt dangers, as to take an oath, before the image of the Bleſſed Virgin, to forget whatever he had acquired from ſuch impure ſources. Reſpecting theſe particulars, we muſt refer to Abbe Barruel, who was at that time in Paris, and witneſſed, of courſe, the whole ſeries of the encyclopedic intrigues. The writer is likewiſe convinced, that the Abbe de Condillac really was a materialiſt, and any diſcerning reader may perceive the ſpirit of ſuch a ſyſtem throughout his writings; it appears, however, aſtoniſhing, that a prudent philoſopher ſhould openly teach his royal pupil thoſe pernicious principles which he has ſo carefully attempted to conceal in his works.

His royal highneſs has been equally unfortunate in many other occurrences. In the article of his Sicilian majeſty, we have mentioned the old report between Philip V. of Spain, and his Queen, Elizabeth Farneſe, that if their eldeſt ſon, Ferdinand, ſhould die without iſſue, King Charles, their ſecond ſon, ſhould be his ſucceſſor in the crown of Spain, and the Infant, Don Philip, Duke of Parma, their third ſon, ſhould ſucceed to the latter in the monarchy of the Two Sicilies. For the better underſtanding of the following ſtatements, we are obliged to give, in this place, a ſhort notice of the viciſſitudes of the houſe of Farneſe previouſly to that period. The princes of this illuſtrious family had, for two centuries back, made the moſt conſpicuous figure in the annals of Italy, next to the Holy See and the two crowned heads. Beſides their principality of Parma and Piacenza, juſt as it is at preſent, they poſſeſſed the rich dukedom of Caſtro and the county of Ronciglione, the ſuperb palace in Rome, and the beautiful country ſeat of Caprarola, in the Roman territory, both reckoned as models of modern architecture; and, in the kingdom of Naples, a large number of the nobleſt fiefs, inveſted by Charles V. in his natural daughter, Margaret of Auſtria, when ſhe married Octavius, Duke of Parma.

(To be continued)

Deſcription of the Iron-Works at Abergavenny.

[From Coxe's Hiſtorical Tour in Monmouthſhire]

IN the courſe of my expeditions I three times viſited the iron-works of Blaenavon, recently eſtabliſhed in the vicinity of Abergavenny, which form a new and intereſting object in the tour of Monmouthſhire.

At ſome diſtance, the works have the appearance of a ſmall town, ſurrounded with heaps of ore, coal, and limeſtone, and enlivened

enlivened with all the buſtle and activity of an opulent and increaſing eſtabliſhment. The view of the buildings, which are conſtructed on the excavations of the rocks, is extremely picturesque, and heightened by the volumes of black ſmoke emitted by the furnaces.

This ſpot and its vicinity produce abundance of iron, with coal and limeſtone, and every article neceſſary for ſmelting the ore: the veins lie in the adjacent rocks, under ſtrata of coal, and are from three and a half to ſeven or eight inches in thickneſs; they differ in richneſs, but yield, upon an average not leſs than forty-four pounds of pig-iron to one hundred weight of ore. The principal part of the iron, after being formed into pigs, is conveyed by means of the rail-road and canal to Newport, from whence it is exported.

The ſhafts of the mines are horizontal, penetrating one below the other, and under the coal-ſhafts; iron rail-roads are conſtructed to convey the coal and ore: which are puſhed as far as the ſhafts are worked, and gradually carried on as the excavations are extended: the longeſt of theſe ſubterraneous paſſages penetrates not leſs than three quarters of a mile. The coal is ſo abundant as not only to ſupply the fuel neceſſary for the works, but large quantities are ſent to Abergaveny, Pont y Pool, and Uſk.

Although theſe works were only finiſhed in 1789, three hundred and fifty men are employed, and the population of the diſtrict exceeds a thouſand ſouls. The hollows of the rocks and ſides of the hills are ſtrewed with numerous habitations, and the heathy grounds converted into fields of corn and paſture. Such are the wonder-working powers of induſtry when directed by judgment!

The want of habitations for the increaſing number of families, has occaſioned an ingenious contrivance: a bridge being thrown acroſs a deep dingle for the ſupport of a rail-road leading into a mine, the arches, which are ten in number, have been walled up, and formed into dwellings; the bridge is covered with a penthouſe roof, and backed by perpendicular rocks, in which the mines are excavated. Numerous workmen continually paſs and repaſs, and low cars, laden with coal, or iron ore, roll along with their broad and grooved wheels; theſe objects loſing themſelves under the roof of the bridge, again emerging, and then diſappearing in the ſubterraneous paſſages of the rock, form a ſingular and animated pictures, not unlike the moving figures in a camera obſcura.

The mountainous diſtrict which contains theſe mineral treaſures, is held by the Earl of Abergavenny, under a leaſe from the crown. It was formerly let to the family of Hanbury, of Pont y Pool, for leſs than 100l. a year; and as the value of the mines was not ſufficiently appreciated, no works were conſtructed;

ſtructed; but the maſſes of ore found near the ſurface were conveyed to the forges of Pont y Pool. Soon after the expiration of the term, the diſtrict was granted by another leaſe to Hill and company, who began theſe works in 1788, and expended forty thouſand pounds before any return was made; this expence, however, has been amply repaid by the produce.

On conſidering the riſe and rapid progreſs of the iron manufactories in this diſtrict, as well as in the neighbouring mountains of Monmouthſhire and Glamorganſhire, it is a matter of wonder that theſe mineral treaſures ſhould have been ſo long neglected. This wonder will increaſe, when it is known that iron was manufactured in this country at a period beyond the reach of tradition or hiſtory. Large heaps of ſlug or cinder have been repeatedly diſcovered, ſome of which are evidently the product of bloomeries, the moſt ancient method of fuſing iron; in other places are traced the ſites of furnaces long diſuſed, of which no accounts of their foundation can be collected. The appearance of theſe iron cinders, and the veſtiges of ancient furnaces, indicate that many parts of this mountainous diſtrict, now wholly bare, were formerly covered with large tracts of wood; charcoal being the only ſpecies of fuel originally uſed in the operation of ſmelting, both in the bloomeries and furnaces.

About forty years ago the iron-works ſuddenly revived, from the beneficial diſcovery of making pig-iron with pit-coal, inſtead of charcoal, which was ſoon afterward followed by the improvement of manufacturing even bar-iron by means of pit-coal: hence a diſtrict, which contained ſuch extenſive mines of ore and coal, prodigious quantities of limeſtone, and numerous ſtreams of water, could not fail of becoming the ſeat of many flouriſhing eſtabliſhments. Beſide theſe local advantages, the progreſs of the manufactories has been powerfully aided by the application of mechanics; particularly by the uſe of the ſteam-engine, and the great improvement of water-machines; but in no inſtance have they derived more advantage than from the adoption of rollers, inſtead of forge-hammers, now uſed for the formation of bar-iron, with a degree of diſpatch, as well as exactneſs, before unknown. From this concurrence of circumſtances, the ſucceſs has been no leſs rapid than extraordinary: fifteen years ago the weekly quantity of pig-iron made in this part of Monmouthſhire, and in the contiguous diſtrict of Glamorganſhire, did not exceed ſixty tons; at preſent it ſcarcely falls ſhort of ſix hundred; at that period no bar-iron was manufactured; but now the quantity amounts weekly to more than three hundred tons. The works are ſtill rapidly increaſing in extent and importance, and appear likely to ſurpaſs the other iron manufactories throughout the kingdom.

In the vicinity of Blaenavon we obſerved the proceſs of making a rail-road, ſo called becauſe it is formed by a kind of frame

frame with iron rails, or bars, laid lengthwiſe, and faſtened or cramped by means of croſs-bars. The ground being excavated, about ſix feet in breadth, and two in depth, is ſtrewed over with broken pieces of ſtone, and the frame laid down; it is compoſed of rails, ſleepers, or croſs-bars, and under ſleepers. The rail is a bar of caſt iron, four feet in length, three inches thick, and one and a half broad; its extremities are reſpectively concave and convex, or, in other words, are morticed and tenanted into each other, and faſtened at the ends by two wooden pegs to a croſs-bar called the ſleeper. This ſleeper was originally of iron, but experience having ſhewn that iron was liable to ſnap or bend, it is now made of wood, which is conſiderably cheaper, and requires leſs repair. Under each extremity of the ſleeper is a ſquare piece of wood, called the under-ſleeper, to which it is attached by a peg. The frame being thus laid down and filled with ſtones, gravel, and earth, the iron rails form a ridge above the ſurface, over which the wheels of the cars glide by means of iron-grooved rims three inches and a half broad.

This is the general ſtructure of the road when carried in a ſtraight line; at the junction of two-roads, and to facilitate the paſſage of two cars in oppoſite directions, moveable rails, called turn-rails, are occaſionally uſed, which are faſtened with ſcrews inſtead of pegs, and may be puſhed ſide-wiſe.

The level of the ground is taken with great exactneſs, and the declivity is in general ſo gentle as to be almoſt imperceptible*: the road, ſometimes conveyed in a ſtraight line, ſometimes winding round the ſides of precipices, is a picturesque object; and the cars filled with coals or iron, and gliding along occaſionally without horſes, impreſs the traveller, who is unaccuſtomed to ſuch ſpectacles, with pleaſing aſtoniſhment. The expence of forming theſe roads is very conſiderable, varying according to the nature of the ground, and the difficulty or facility of procuring proper materials; it is ſeldom leſs than a thouſand pounds per mile, and ſometimes exceeds that ſum.

The cars from the ſolidity of their ſtructure, and the quantity of iron uſed in the axle-tree and wheels, when loaded weigh not leſs than three tons and a half; they are drawn by a ſingle horſe, and the driver ſtands on a kind of footboard behind, and can inſtantaneouſly ſtop the car by means of a lever and a drop, which falls between the wheels, and ſuſpends their motion. In places where the declivity is more rapid than uſual, the horſe is taken out, and the car impelled forward by its own weight.

* The perpendicular fall of the ground is commonly no more than an inch in a yard, and ſcarcely ever more than three inches.

HISTORY *of* COLONEL NEWTON.

Written by a Gentleman confined for a conſiderable Period in a French Priſon.

HE was a native of Newcaſtle, in Northumberland, and was originally in the Britiſh ſervice; but having, by his extravagant mode of living, contracted debts to a larger amount than he could anſwer, he was compelled to diſpoſe of his commiſſion, and bid adieu to his native country. As Ruſſia at that period afforded a wide field of ſpeculation for military adventurers, Mr. Newton procured letters to the court of Peterſburgh, and found little difficulty in ſucceeding in his endeavours to enter the ſervice. His conduct as a ſoldier muſt have been praiſeworthy, as he was almoſt immediately after the capture of Oczakoft, by Prince Potemkin, promoted to the rank of major. His taſte for pleaſure and diſſipation, however, followed him to St. Peterſburgh; his finances could not keep pace with his expences, and he once more returned to London.

The revolution that had juſt commenced in France, opened a new proſpect to him; and the major, ever on the wing, changed his quarters from London to Paris. It was about the middle of the year 1792, that he was firſt employed there in a military capacity. He ſent in a project to Monſieur Servan, who was then miniſter of war, for the raiſing of a regiment of cavalry, which was to be called the national coſſacks, and armed at all points, like thoſe in the Ruſſian armies. The propoſal was acceded to, and Mr. Newton, now full colonel in the French ſervice, received directions for embodying and training his corps. This, however, he was unable to effect, for the uſe of the pike on horſeback ſeemed ſo completely ridiculous to men who had never ſeen any thing of a ſimilar nature, that not a ſingle recruit would join him. Thus was he compelled to abandon his project, and conſole himſelf for being thus thrown from his hobby-horſe, with being appointed to the command of another regiment, now almoſt complete, and called the dragons de la republique.

On the memorable day of the late king's execution, Colonel Newton was ſecond in command to General Santerre, and we remember to have ſeen him at the head of a detachment of his dragoons eſcorting that unfortunate prince to the ſcaffold; little dreaming, we preſume, that he himſelf would ſhortly follow him thither. After this event, the changes that followed each other, both in the military and civil department, were ſo rapid, that it is not wonderful if Colonel Newton felt the ill effects of them. Indeed, the habit of drunkenneſs which he had contracted, and the conſequent neglect of the duties of his profeſſion, furniſhed but too ſolid grounds for his diſmiſſal. Thus, once more reduced to a private ſtation, he ſeemed to abandon all thoughts of the

army, though not of ſerving the republic. He again ſent in a plan to the war-office, though of a very different nature to his former one. He pretended, by a ſtudious attention to the ſcience of mechanics, to have diſcovered the method of making conſiderable improvements in the waggons uſed for the conveyance of ammunition, &c. to the armies. The plan was immediately adopted, and almoſt as immediately laid aſide, though we believe that Mr. Newton received a pecuniary compenſation for his time and labour.

But all his zeal and good wiſhes for the republic, could not exempt him from the common calamity. As an Engliſhman he was included in the general decree, and was accordingly thrown into confinement. Impriſonment is, at all times, one of the greateſt puniſhments that can be inflicted on man; but when it is accompanied by diſtreſs and ſickneſs, it becomes dreadful in the extreme. To ſuch accumulated miſery was this unfortunate man reſerved; labouring under a violent malady which he had contracted from the immoderate uſe of liquors, and in want not only of the common conveniences but even the common neceſſaries of life.

In this ſituation he was fortunate enough to attract the attention of a certain Engliſh lady, who was impriſoned, in company with her brother and ſiſter, at this place. Compaſſion for his diſtreſſed ſituation was probably the firſt motive of the notice ſhe took of him; but compaſſion in a female boſom is ſoon ripened into love. An attachment of the moſt tender nature, though ſtrictly honourable, gradually took place between them, which was only broken off by the death of Mr. Newton.

Our readers will, perhaps, be able to recollect, that Barrere, who was at this time reporter to the committee of general ſafety, was on all occaſions violent in his declamations againſt the Engliſh nation. In one of his philippics he did them the honour of comparing them to wild beaſts, adding, that in the early ſtages of their hiſtory, they had been obliged to contend with their contemporaries, the wolves, for a proportioned part of their woods and foreſts, and that like theſe animals, their deſires were "wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarved, and ravenous." A newſpaper of the day, which contained this abſurd oration, was brought into the Benedictines, and unfortunately fell into the hands of Mr. Newton. After reading it, he uttered a violent imprecation on the orator, and thruſt the paper into the fire. This circumſtance did not paſs unnoticed. A Frenchman who was preſent, made a proces verbal of the tranſaction, and ſent it off to the committee of general ſafety. On this accuſation Mr. Newton was tried, and condemned to loſe his head; the execution took place two days only after the denunciation.

The lady was for a while inconſolable for the loſs of her lover, the more ſo, as the perſon who deprived her of him was at the very

very time paying his addreſſes to her ſiſter, and though little better than a murderer, was favourably liſtened to. She paid, however, dear for her infatuation; contrary to all the remonſtrances of her brother, as ſoon as they were able to procure their liberty, ſhe married the villain, who treated her as might be expected. After ſpending her property, he abandoned her and an infant to the utmoſt diſtreſs. They died in a garret, and literally for want of common neceſſaries. Her ſiſter, who never could be brought to ſpeak to her after the death of Mr. Newton, is now, we underſtand, married to a ſurgeon in the army, who was taken with General O'Hara at Toulon, and is at preſent [October, 1800] in London.

Deſcription of the Lakes of Agnano and Averno.

[From the Abbe Spallanzani's Travels.]

I Believe no one doubts that the cavity filled with water, and uſually denominated the Lake of Agnano, has been the mouth of a volcano. It certainly has internally the reſemblance of one, ſince it is ſhaped like an inverted funnel, the uſual figure of volcanic craters. It muſt have been a very large one, ſince it is nearly two miles in circuit. Numerous flocks of ducks ſwim on the ſurface, and its waters contain great quantities of tench and frogs, which were once celebrated for a pretended monſtrous formation; until the cauſe of this abſurd error was detected by Valliſneri. It may not, perhaps, be uninſtructive, ſhould I, by way of an amuſing digreſſion, relate the ſtory of this pleaſant miſtake to the reader.

It is well known that frogs, before they arrive at the perfect form of their ſpecies, have that of a kind of worms, uſually called tadpoles, the bodies of which are of an orbicular ſhape, and have tails. We know likewiſe, that theſe tadpoles become frogs by degrees, the hinder legs being firſt produced, and afterward the fore-legs, while they retain the tail for a conſiderable time. This gives them a ſtrange appearance, as the tail appears like the lower half of a fiſh, while the round body and legs reſemble the frog. Hence perſons unacquainted with the productions of nature have ſuppoſed them to be monſtrous animals, half fiſh and half frogs. A credulous Neapolitan brought one of theſe monſters, which he ſaid was a native of the Lake Agnano, to Valliſneri at Milan, that he might view it and admire it. It did not, however, require the knowledge of ſo great a naturaliſt immediately to perceive the abſurd error. The tadpole, which to him was an object of laughter, not of admiration, was of an extraordinary ſize, whence he concluded that the frogs of the Lake Agnano were extremely large. They are not, however,

larger than the common ſize, nor did I find the tadpoles bigger, though, as it was the end of July, they had arrived at their full growth, and many, having caſt their tails, had become perfect frogs. That which was ſhewn to Vallisneri was, poſſibly, brought from ſome other country, perhaps America, where the frogs grow to an extremely large ſize.

The ſides and bottom of this lake are of tufa, (a kind of ſtone formed of volcanic ſubſtances) interſperſed, in ſome places, with fragments of lava and pumice-ſtone; though we do not find, at leaſt ſo far as the eye can reach, any veins or ſtrata of lava; whence I infer the eruption to have been entirely, or in a great degree, thick and ſlimy.

The ſame ideas which naturally occur to the obſerver at the ſight of the Lake Agnano, will be ſuggeſted, likewiſe, by that of Averno, as there can be no doubt but this likewiſe was the crater of an ancient volcano. The Greeks called it Aornus; becauſe no birds were found near it, probably on account of ſome peſtilential vapour which then exhaled, and deprived them of life. The author of the Campi Phlegræi aſſerts, that it is very rarely that any water fowl are to be ſeen on this lake, and that when they come they remain there but a very ſhort time. The truth, however, is, that whenever I was there, I ſaw great numbers of teal ſwimming on the ſurface; and the peaſants aſſured me that the lake abounded with water fowl in the winter. Nor do I know any cauſe which can, at preſent, drive them from a place where they may find plenty of food, as neither the environs, nor the lake itſelf afford any indication of noxious exhalations. Theſe two places lie to the weſt of Naples, near Pozzuolo.

Kotzebue's Dedication to his Play called "The Natural Son."

TO MY DEAR HENRY ARVELIUS.

IT is the duty of a friend to participate in painful recollections; and this play will impoſe it upon thee. Thou muſt recollect the happy evening when my Frederica played Amelia; and thou Frederic, beſide her. Canſt thou ſee her before thee, as I now do, entering the dungeon with a flaſk of wine? How ſweetly, how affectionately, ſhe ſpake! She was then treading the boards of our private theatre for the laſt time. Who would have ſuppoſed it?

"At length, indeed, one of them lies down to ſleep, and that one is happy: the other walks to and fro, and laments that he cannot ſleep."

Ah! who could imagine that ſhe herſelf would ſo ſoon lie down to ſleep! She expected not the "approaching night." She had not ſeen her "young plants flouriſh" around her, ſhe

was

was removed early in the day—And I—it is I—who walk to and fro, and lament, that I cannot ſleep.

Excellent, beloved Arvelius! you were the play-fellow of my Frederica. You were the witneſs of our love, of our connubial felicity! how dear ſhe was to me! During ſix years you have ſpent many happy hours with us; your heart is my pledge that you will alſo ſpend with me the hours of affliction. Now, indeed, I envy you your ſyſtem of neceſſity, your cold peaceful philoſophy.

But ſtay! or my dedication will become a ſong of complaint. Rather let me be ſilent; for of what can I ſpeak to the deareſt friend of my heart, but of the ſorrow of my ſoul. If this dedication be worth thy thanks, thou oweſt them to thy excellent performance of Frederic, a character which could be filled only by one who poſſeſſed the ſpirit and heart of my Arvelius.

Fare thee well, good kind ſoul, and accept the preſſure of a hand which, no longer bound by the ſweet tie of love, is more cloſely cemented to thee by the bonds of friendſhip.

Letter from Sir W. Johnſon to Mr. Lee, on the Cuſtoms, Manners, &c. of the Northern Indians of America.

IN all inquiries of this ſort, we ſhould diſtinguiſh between the more remote tribes, and thoſe Indians, who from having been next to our ſettlements for ſeveral years, and relying ſolely on oral traditions, for the ſupport of their ancient uſages, have loſt great part of them, and have blended ſome with our cuſtoms, ſo as to render it extremely difficult if not impoſſible, to trace their cuſtoms to their origin.

The Indians certainly did live under more order and government formerly than at preſent. This may ſeem odd, but it is true, for, their intercourſe being with the lower claſs of our traders, they learn little from us but our vices; and their long wars, together with the immoderate uſe of ſpirituous liquors, have ſo reduced them, as to render that order, which was firſt inſtituted among them, unneceſſary and unpracticable.

They do not at preſent uſe hieroglyphics, their figures being drawn to the utmoſt of their ſkill, to repreſent the thing intended. For inſtance, when they go to war, they paint ſome trees with the figures of warriors, often the exact number of the party, and if they go by water they delineate a canoe. When they gain a victory they mark the handle of their tomahawks with human figures, to ſignify priſoners, and draw the bodies without heads, to expreſs the ſcalps they have taken. The figures which they affix to deeds, have led ſome to imagine, that they had alphabetical characters or cyphers. The fact is this: every nation is divided into tribes, of which ſome have three, as the turtle, bear, and wolf;

wolf; to which ſome add the ſnake, deer, &c. each tribe forms a little community within the nation; and as the nation has its peculiar ſymbol, ſo has each tribe the particular badge from whence it is denominated: And a ſachem of each tribe being a neceſſary party to each conveyance, ſuch ſachem affixes the mark of his tribe thereto, like the public ſeal of a corporation.

As to the information, which, you obſerve, I formerly tranſmitted to the governor of New York, concerning the belt and fifteen bloody ſticks ſent by the Meſſiſagees, the like is very common: and they uſe theſe ſticks, as well to expreſs the alliance of tribes, as the number in each party. The ſticks are generally about ſix inches in length, very ſlender, and painted red if the ſubject be war. Their belts are moſtly black wampum, painted red when they denote war. They deſcribe caſtles on them ſometimes by ſquare figures of white wampum, and in alliances human figures holding a chain, which is their emblem of friendſhip, and each figure repreſents a nation; an axe is ſometimes deſcribed, and always imports war, the taking it up being a declaration of war, and the burying it a token of peace.

With reſpect to your queſtion, as to the chief magiſtrate, or ſachem, and how he acquires his authority; I am to acquaint you, that there is in every nation, a ſachem or chief, who appears to have ſome authority over the reſt, and it is greateſt amongſt the moſt diſtant nations. But in moſt of thoſe bordering on our ſettlements, his authority is ſcarcely diſcernible as he ſeldom aſſumes any power before his people. And indeed, this humility is judged the beſt policy for, wanting coercive power, their commands would perhaps occaſion aſſaſſination, which ſometimes happens.

The ſachems of each tribe are uſually choſen in a public aſſembly of the chiefs and warriors, whenever a vacancy happens by death or otherwiſe: they are generally choſen for their ſenſe and bravery, from among the oldeſt warriors, and approved of by all the tribe, in which they are ſaluted ſachems. There are however, ſeveral exceptions, for ſome families have a kind of inheritance in the office, and are called to this ſtation in their infancy.

The chief ſachem, by ſome called the King, is ſo either by inheritance, or by a kind of tacit conſent, the conſequence of his ſuperior abilities and influence. The duration of his authority depends much on his own wiſdom, the conſequence of his relations, and the ſtrength of his particular tribe. But even in thoſe caſes where it deſcends, ſhould the ſucceſſion appear unequal to the taſk, ſome other ſachem is ſure to poſſeſs himſelf of the power and duties of the office. I ſhould obſerve that military ſervices are the chief recommendations to this rank, and it appears pretty clearly, that heretofore the chief of a nation had,

in ſome ſmall degree, the authority. This is now the caſe among the remote Indians. But as, ſince the introduction of fire arms, they no longer fight in thoſe cloſe bodies, but every man is his own general, I am inclined to think this has leſſened the power of the chief. This chief of the whole nation has the cuſtody of the belts of wampum, &c. which are records of public tranſactions; he prompts the ſpeakers at all treaties, and propoſes affairs of conſequence. The chief ſachems form the grand council, and thoſe of each tribe often deliberate apart on the affairs of their particular tribes. All their deliberations are conducted with extraordinary regularity and decorum. They never interrupt him who is ſpeaking, nor uſe harſh language, whatever be their thoughts.

The chiefs aſſume moſt authority in the field: but this muſt be done even there with great caution, as a head warrior thinks himſelf of moſt conſequence in that place.

Account of the Loſs of the London Tranſport.

THIS veſſel ſailed from Falmouth on Saturday, the 24th of January, 1801, in company with the Mediterranean fleet, under convoy of the Seahorſe and Maidſtone frigates. After a very tempeſtuous voyage, they arrived within a few leagues of the coaſt of Portugal. On the morning of the 17th of February, the London was chaced by a French privateer, which ſhe eſcaped with the utmoſt difficulty. Not making ſufficient allowance for the rate at which they had been ſailing, ſhe continued to make land. At ten o'clock at night, a ſignal was given that they were approaching too near the ſhore, and in a few minutes they ran a-aground near the ſmall iſlands called the Berlins, within half a mile of ſhore. The wind ſetting in hard towards land, prevented the poſſibility of their getting clear.

In this ſituation the tranſport ſoon began to break up, when the long-boat was lowered with Mrs. Maxwell in it, who was immediately followed by her huſband, Captain Maxwell, of the 17th regiment of foot. No ſooner had he entered, than it went down. Shortly after another boat was lowered, into which the maſter of the veſſel got, with five ſailors, none of the officers chuſing to follow. In an inſtant it ſwamped.

There now remained on board Captain de Laurent, Lieutenant Wainwright, Lieutenant Everett, of the 17th regiment of foot, Aſſiſtant-ſurgeon Owen, of the 44th regiment of foot, and Mr. Lynn, with their ſervants, the chief-mate, and ſeven ſailors. The waves continued to daſh over them with increaſed violence. Lynn, with undaunted heroiſm, endeavoured to animate his companions. "Keep up your ſpirits," ſaid he, "there is ſtill hope." Wainwright remained firm and collected without uttering

tering a word. In a few inſtants the wreck, with a loud craſh, went down. The mate and four ſailors only roſe again, and, by catching at ſome floating remains of the ſhip, were, after being beaten about for five hours, at length driven on ſhore to relate this narration of diſtreſs.

On the SCIENCE *of* LIFE.

By ROBERT BURNS.

WHAT ſtrange beings we are! Since we have a portion of conſcious exiſtence equally capable of enjoying pleaſure, happineſs, and rapture, or of ſuffering pain, wretchedneſs and miſery, it is ſurely worthy of an enquiry, whether there be not ſuch a thing as a ſcience of life; whether method, economy, and fertility of expedients be not applicable to enjoyment; and whether there be not a want of dexterity in pleaſure, which renders our little ſcantling of happineſs ſtill leſs, and a profuſeneſs, an intoxication in bliſs, which leads to ſatiety, diſguſt, and ſelf abhorrence. There is not a doubt but that health, talents, character, decent competency, reſpectable friends, are real ſubſtantial bleſſings; and yet, do we not daily ſee thoſe who enjoy many, or all theſe good things, contrive, notwithſtanding, to be as unhappy as others, to whoſe lot few of them have fallen? I believe one great ſource of this miſtake, or miſconduct, is owing to a certain ſtimulus with us, called ambition, which goads us up the hill of life, not as we aſcend other eminences for the laudable curioſity of viewing an extended landſcape, but rather for the diſhoneſt pride of looking down on others of our fellow creatures ſeemingly diminutive in humbler ſtations.

REFLECTIONS.

THE bold and daring ſpirit of Oliver Cromwell cannot be ſet in a more ſtriking point of view than by the following inſcription on one of his coins,

"Niſi perituras has adimet nemo."

While we all lamentably feel the dreadful effects of the conteſt in which we are engaged, let us reflect upon what was ſaid by the great Lord Bacon on the ſubject of war:—"A foreign war," ſaid he, "is like the heat of exerciſe, and ſerveth to keep the body in health; for in a ſlothful peace both courage will effeminate, and manners corrupt."

AN ANECDOTE.

THE celebrated muſician, Lully, having hurt one of his toes in beating time with his cane, the ſore being neglected, it became ſo ſerious as to threaten his life. His confeſſor ſeeing his critical ſtate, told him, that unleſs he burnt what he had compoſed of his new opera, in order to ſhew his repentance for having made ſo many operas, he had no chance of abſolution. Lully obeyed, and the confeſſor withdrew, after giving him abſolution. M. le Duc called to ſee him ſoon after, and ſaid, "What, and you have burnt your opera; and you are really ſuch a ninny as to believe in the abſurdities of that Janſeniſt, your confeſſor." "Softly, ſoftly, my friend," replied Lully, whiſpering in his ear, "I knew very well what I was about; I had another copy!"

The MATRIMONIAL RING.

THE ring, at firſt, according to Swinburne, was not of gold, but of iron, adorned with an adamant; the metal hard and durable, ſignifying the durance and proſperity of the contract. "Howbeit," he ſays, "it ſkilleth not at this day what the ring be made of—the form of it being round, and without end, doth import, that their love ſhould circulate, and flow continually. The finger on which the ring is to be worn, is the fourth on the left hand, next unto the little finger, becauſe there was ſuppoſed a vein of blood to paſs from thence into the heart."

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE.

TWO ſoldiers being condemned to death in Flanders, the General was prevailed on to ſpare one of them; but not having a preference, wiſhing only that the execution of the other might be held up as an example to the army, ordered the unfortunate ſoldiers to caſt lots for their lives, with dice, on a drum head. The firſt throwing two ſixes, fell to rubbing his hands, with the mingled ſenſation of gladneſs and ſorrow; but was ſurpriſed when his companion threw two ſixes alſo. The officer appointed to ſee the execution, ordered them to throw again. They did ſo, and each of them threw two fives; at which the ſoldiers that ſtood round, ſhouted, and ſaid, neither of them were to die. Hereupon the officer acquainted the Council of War, who ordered them to throw again. They did, and up came two fours. The General being informed of the circumſtances, ſent for the men, and pardoned them ſaying, "I love in ſuch extraordinary caſes to liſten to the voice of Providence."

Anſwer, by H. Humphreys, of Exeter, to S. O'Smith's Charade, inſerted May 4.

THE SPARROW is the bird you mean,
Which in your charade's plainly ſeen.

‡†‡ We have received the like anſwer from W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; L. H. W. Harris, jun. J. Smith, Egbert Moon, and J. Hill, of Exeter; R. Meager, of Luxullion; R. Berry, of Southmolton; Novus, of Barnſtaple; C. B. W. near Taunton; J. R. Toulmin; G. Geach, of Wadebridge; Henricus, of Plymouth; G. England, Uplyme; W. England, Lyme; D. H. of Briſtol; and J. Whittle, of Upway.

Anſwer, by C. B. W. near Taunton, to the Charade, inſerted May 11.

WIND makes the deep-ton'd organ ſound,
Its pipes with muſic ſwell;
WIND-PIPE the ſubject will be found,
That was conceal'd ſo well.

☞ Similar anſwers have been received from J. R. Toulmin; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; Egbert Moon, L. H. and H. Humphreys, of Exeter; Novus, of Barnſtaple; R. Sellick, jun. of Tiverton; Henricus, of Plymouth; G. England, of Uplyme; and J. Whittle, of Upway.

A REBUS, *by M. L. of Weſton Zoyland.*

FIRST take a thing which houſewives uſe
To keep their ſummer fruit;
Then add a term for what is paſt,
(One letter muſt be mute.)
My whole then plainly will diſplay
What I would thence propound;
A title for my lines, you'll ſay,
My own wiſe pen has found.

An ENIGMA, *by P. Cove, of Exeter.*

ATTEND, ye bards, your friend is come,
And begs your kind attention,
For he who ſtrives, and wins the prize,
Deſerves your approbation.
Your friend I ſaid, and ſo I am,
You'll not diſown the ſame,
A friend muſt be, you will agree,
Who raiſes you to fame.
'Tis I that oft your time engage,
And thoughts when you're at leiſure,
And by inſpection and reflection
Give oftimes pain and pleaſure.
Proteus like, I ape all forms,
Sometimes a human being;
Sometimes a houſe, perchance a mouſe,
Or looking glaſs to ſee in.
I ape at times a lady fair,
Sometimes a chimney-ſweeper;
Sometimes the moon, ſometimes a ſpoon,
At others, Sirs, a reaper.
I could enlarge, but muſt have done,
And cloſe my riddling ſtory,
You cannot fail now to reveal
What oft appears before ye.

POETRY.

EDWARD *and* ANGELA.

LOUD Boreas blew, fast fell the rain,
When urg'd by wild deſpair,
Young Edward croſs'd the darkſome plain,
O'erwhelm'd with grief and care.

No more fair Cynthia ſhed her light,
Nor Heſper lent his ray,
To gild the ſable face of night,
Or cheer his lonely ray.

But fearleſs o'er the diſmal path
The hapleſs mourner flew,
Regardleſs of the tempeſt's wrath,
That ſtill more potent grew.

A pallid hue his cheek o'erſpread,
Which late outvied the roſe;
So fade the flowers that deck the mead,
When Sol too fervid glows.

Long he had lov'd Angela fair,
And long had been relov'd;
But ah! his fire, with ſcorn ſevere,
Their paſſion diſapprov'd.

Each grace of form, and grace of mind,
He knew the maid poſſeſs'd;
But wiſh'd to ſee his Edward join'd
To one with wealth more bleſs'd.

And now, to aggravate their woe,
Had made the harſh decree—
That he his charmer ſhould forego,
Or ſpurn'd and exil'd be.

This tore young Edward's hopes away,
And now with tortur'd heart
Towards her abode he bent his way,
Theſe tidings to impart.

But now the dome ſalutes the eye,
Where dwelt the peerleſs maid,
He enters with a heavy ſigh,
And tears his grief betray'd.

But O! what pangs his boſom tear!
He ſtarts with dire alarms,
When he beheld Angela fair
Claſp'd in a ſtranger's arms.

" What means," he ſaid, " this cruel
" ſight?
" This I ne'er thought to find;
" Canſt thou thy Edward thus requite,
" And prove at laſt unkind?

" O Heaven! theſe dire tormenting
" woes!
" Why am I doom'd to prove
" A father's rage, that fiercely glows,
" The pangs of perjur'd love?"

O'ercome with horror, pain, and grief,
The youth could ſpeak no more,
And ere the pair could yield relief,
He lifeleſs preſs'd the floor.

The beauteous maid hung o'er his form,
With anxious thought oppreſs'd,
Till he reviv'd, when flaſh'd with joy,
She thus the youth addreſs'd—

" My life! my beſt belov'd! my dear!
" Compoſe your mind and riſe;
" It is Angela's brother here
" Who ſtands before thy eyes.

" Five ſprings have deck'd the lonely
" plain,
" With flowers of every hue,
" Since there, impreſs'd with tender
" pain,
" I heard his laſt adieu.

" Since then he's been to India's coaſt,
" And many a diſtant ſhore;
" Long ſince I deem'd his ſhip was loſt,
" And thought he liv'd no more.

" But now the ſhip's return'd once
" more
" With richeſt treaſures fraught—
" See Edward, ſee this precious ſtore,
" He home for me hath brought.

" Then raze thy fears, nor longer pine,
" Let love illume thy breaſt;
" Perchance now ample wealth is
" mine,
" Thy fire will make us bleſs'd!"

More had ſhe ſpoke, but Edward ſaid,
" Ceaſe, ceaſe thou faultleſs faire,
" Enough I've heard, O injur'd maid!
" Forgive my falſe complaint.

" And thou, kind brother of my dear,
" Whom I till now ne'er knew,
" Wilt thou forgive my jealous fear!
" And ſeal my pardon too?

" I will," the gen'rous Captain cried,
" Then be thy ſighs ſuppreſs'd,
" Nor longer let deſpair reſide
" An inmate of thy breaſt:

" But baniſh ev'ry gloomy care,
" Great riches now are mine,
" And large is thy Angela's ſhare,
" Then let new hopes be thine.

" Come, ſhare with us of this repaſt,
" This hour in mirth we'll ſpend,

" Then back unto thy father haſte,
" And tell this news, my friend.

" And ſoon as e'er the coming day
" Diſplays her orient pride,
" To us return without delay,
" And tell your doom, he cried."

Young Edward promis'd to obey,
And now his thanks expreſs'd;
And O! what bliſs, without allay,
Now reign'd in ev'ry breaſt!

The happy group eat of the feaſt,
Then Edward bade farewell;
Now Cynthia ſhone, the wind had ceas'd,
Nor more the torrents fell.

By hope inſpir'd, with heart elate,
He quickly fought his home,
And ſoon with expectation great
He reach'd the ſtately dome.

The bliſsful news he told his ſire,
And urg'd him to relent,
Which ſoon appeas'd the cruel ire,
And made him yield conſent.

What paſſions ſeiz'd young Edward's breaſt,
What mighty bliſs he knew!
The grateful youth his thanks expreſt,
And then to reſt withdrew.

The night elaps'd, Aurora ſhed
Her beams ſerenely gay,
He to his charmer's manſion ſped,
The tidings to convey.

He tells his conqueſt to the twain,
What potent bliſs they ſhare,
And ſoon to the Hymeneal fane
He led the blooming fair.

London. D. J. W.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

Lines addreſſed to Fancy, on the Abſence of Celia.

O Fancy! ſoother of my care!
Amid thy painted ſcenes I rove,
With eager ſoul, thy charms to ſhare,
Ambroſial as the ſighs of love!

Exalted on thy airy wing,
Each buſy thought exerts its pow'r,
No longer abſence proves a ſting
To pierce with woe each fleeting hour.

Reviewing all my Cælia's charms,
She ſeems to love her abſent ſwain,
And calls him to her faithful arms,
O! never to depart again.

Affection in her eye repoſes,
Her ſoul is pure as morning dew,
And every charm that Heav'n beſtows,
In Cælia's youthful cheeks I view.

With ſacred love and fear impreſs'd,
I long to call thoſe beauties mine,
Till hope eſcapes my languid breaſt,
And all its ſoothing pow'r reſigns.

Did Celia ever hear my pray'r,
And eaſe my ſoul with vows of love?
If ſo—from whence this ſad deſpair!
Can Cælia falſe or faithleſs prove?

O! ſurely not. Her conſtant heart,
With every heavenly grace replete,
Diſdains to bend to ſervile art,
And ſcorns the courtier's vile deceit.

Then haſte, ye tardy hours away,
Nor prove a barrier to our joy;
No more that ſacred bliſs delay,
Which time itſelf ſhall ne'er deſtroy.

On earth thoſe joys their buds diſplay,
But O! in Heaven alone they bloom;
On earth they boaſt a mean array,
But meet freſh charms beyond the tomb.

NUNCIUS.

Stanzas to the Memory of Sir Ralph Abercromby.

MIRTH, awhile thy crew reſtrain,
Comrades, join a ſoldier's tear;
Mark the ſad and ſolemn train,
Weeping o'er their Gen'ral's bier.
Mournful ſighs their grief proclaim,
Tribute to the good and brave;
Think on Abercromby's fame,
While tears bedew their hero's grave.

Gentle was his feeling breaſt,
Smiles adorn'd his manly brow;
And alone his heart depreſs'd,
When mourning o'er a captive foe.
Ere conſign'd to parent earth,
Haſte the young, the good, the brave,
Dwell on Abercromby's worth,
While tears bedew the hero's grave.

An Inſcription deſigned for a Village Spring.

CALM is the tenor of my way,
Not hurried on with furious haſte,
Nor rais'd aloft in proud diſplay:
Pure too the tribute of my urn,
With conſtant flow, not idle waſte,
Offering to him who ſends the rain
By ſerving man the beſt return.
A courſe like mine, thy trial o'er,
Thoſe flying waters will attain,
That drinking, man will thirſt no more.